

## The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 1 East 74th Street.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter, March 1, 1879.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:

One Year.....\$3.50	One Year.....\$3.75
One Month......30	One Month......35

VOLUME 48.....NO. 17,088.

## RECALLING HISTORY.



GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON'S body lay in state in the City Hall yesterday.

How many of the people who filed past the casket knew who George Clinton was, what he did and why he did it?

The Clintons were an Irish family. They came to New York as Irish immigrants. In Ireland they were not a first family. Neither were they a first family in New

York until they made themselves so by force of conscience and ability. When the Revolutionary war began George Clinton was a resident of Ulster County. When New York and the twelve other colonies declared their independence from Great Britain and the first State constitution was adopted in 1777 George Clinton was elected Governor. He was a major-general in the Revolutionary army, and the cemetery of Kingston, to which his body is now taken, holds also the remains of seven of his colonels.

He continued to be Governor until 1795. He was Governor again in 1801, and in 1804 was elected Vice-President of the United States, re-elected in 1808 and died in Washington, where he was buried. He was the first Vice-President to be elected after the United States Constitution was amended to make that office separately voted for.



The force which made the revolution successful was men like George Clinton. The old English families were almost all Tories. New York City had a Tory majority. Westchester County was Tory. Long Island was Tory. More Tory than Revolutionary soldiers were recruited from Philadelphia. Lower Connecticut was Tory.

After the Revolutionary War the majority of college graduates, clergy of the established church, merchants, bankers, great landlords and other men of wealth came under the Tory ban. After the evacuation by the British army the emigration from New York and Boston to Halifax and England included the major part of the wealth and fashion of the community. The honored colonial names are found now more in Nova Scotia than in the cities of their ancestors.

The Revolution was largely fought and won by the Irish, Dutch and German immigrants and their children, many of whom had immigrated through religious, social and economic oppression.

It should not be forgotten that the religious oppression of those days was not Protestant or Catholic, but denominational. The majority of the members of the first St. Patrick's Society were Protestants. Many of the Irish immigrants were Protestants.

The soldiers of the Revolution from New York did not come from the centres of wealth and social prominence, but from the Hudson and the Mohawk Valleys, where the poor immigrants had settled and where the people of English descent were few.

With the exception of Virginia and Massachusetts it is doubtful whether the Declaration of Independence could have been carried by a popular vote in any of the thirteen colonies. The merchants, the importers, the professional classes, the financial powers and the social magnates, almost all had such ties of money, family and business with England as to be opposed to a separation.

It is well that these facts should now be recalled.

Few reforms have ever come from the top. Beneficial change arises from the struggles of the people underneath. Not the oppressors but the oppressed bring about revolutions.

## Letters from the People.

Legal Aid Society, 239 Broadway.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am an old man and I have no money. A man who owns property, but says he is insolvent, owes me over \$100. Where can I apply for legal help?  
FOUR-SCORE-AND-TEN.

No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish to write music to a poem which is in a certain magazine. Can I fresh use the poem without the consent of the author or publisher?  
MUSICIAN.

Woman's Work.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A woman's work is in the home first and last. But she must have a home and some one to provide for her, else she has certainly to make her own living. Many working women have more glory in the work they perform than some of the married women who forget their duties in their homes. I have an old-fashioned idea of courtesy. In my mind a lady or gentleman is always the same whether associating with

pauper or prince, and a gentleman does not give up his seat in a car for the thanks he should justly receive, but because the gentlemanly instinct is within him and obliges him to act that way.  
A WIDOW.

"Science's Impossibilities."  
In answer to the query, "Why, if a vacuum is a non-conductor of both heat and cold, does an incubator, with its failure to acquire a perfect vacuum, allow the eggs to hatch?"  
All walls, embankments, etc., are really really horizontally straight, but show the curvature of the earth. A bullet, etc., propelled by any force is curved by the earth's attraction. A horizontal line, but commences to fall to the earth the instant it leaves the muzzle of rifle, cannon, etc., as the only way to be. Science is full of impossibilities.  
GERMAN CIVIL ENGINEER.  
Hoboken, N. J.

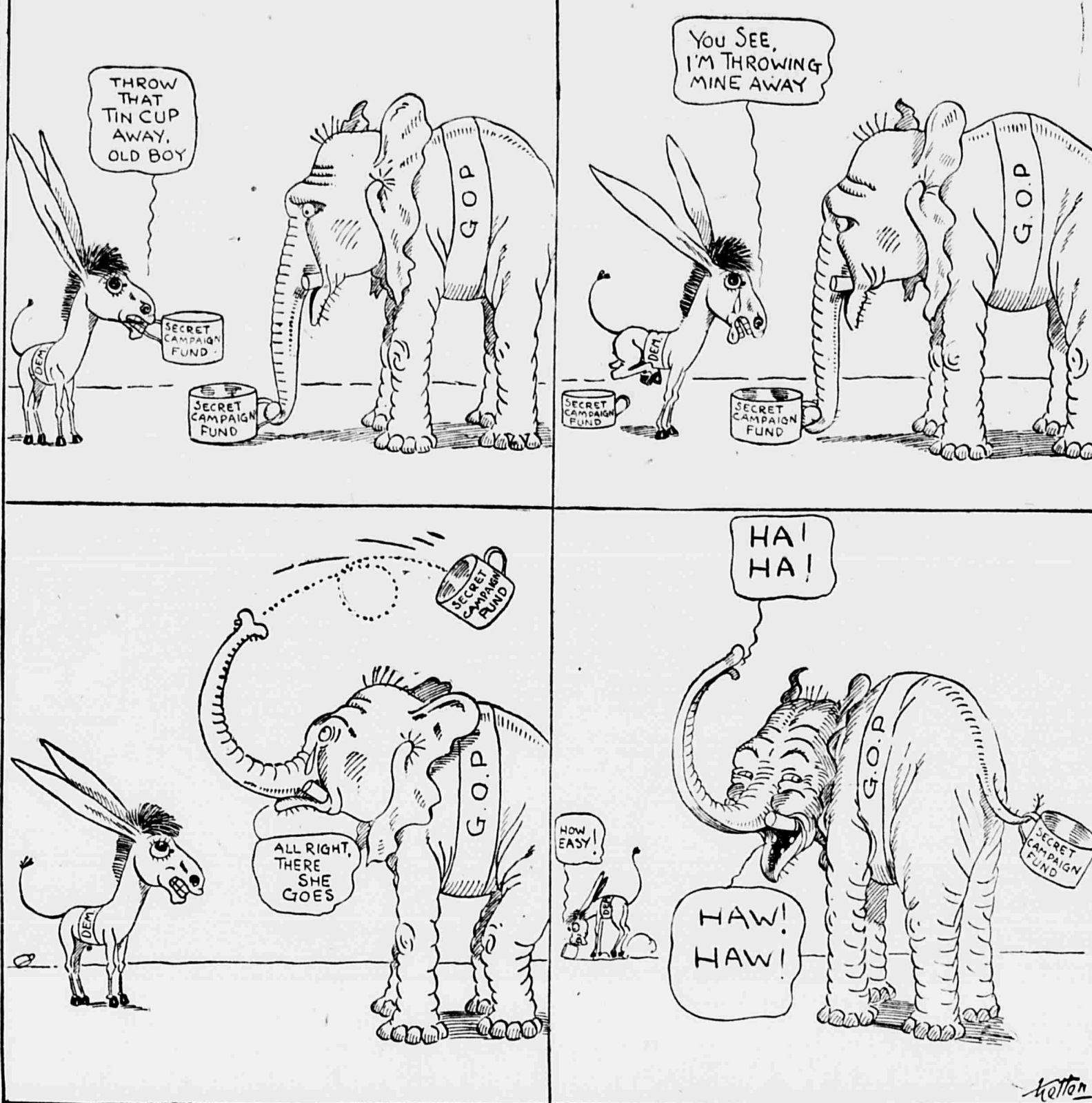
June 15.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When does the straw hat season formally begin?  
L. C.

## A Political Gogynda.

By Maurice Ketten.

## LAUGHING ELEPHANT HERE.

Gogynda, the Humorist of the Jingo, Ready for Exhibition.



## Wonderful Creatures Are Wives! See How Loudly They Crow, Before Other Women, About Husbands They Do Not Value at Home.

By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell.

"I MUST get a pair of ties," said Mrs. Jarr, as she fumbled at the closet door.

"I suppose you'll be using mine again, now that the shirt waist season is here," said Mr. Jarr, who was also arising for the work of the day.

"What have shirt waists got to do with ties?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Besides, I'd look nice wearing yours, wouldn't I?"

"Anything is becoming to you," said Mr. Jarr. "You had no such compunctions last year, when you wore my black ones, and as for my blue ones, well, I never did get a chance to wear them."

"Your blue ties? What blue ties?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm talking about shoes and you're talking about cravats. Ties, ties, ladies' low cut shoes!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Jarr. "Well, I'm glad of that. So far a married man's shoes and suspenders are safe, but in summer time he never has a necktie that he can call his own. What's the matter, door stuck?"

"No, I locked it," said Mrs. Jarr, "and now I can't remember what I did with the key. All my things except my kimono are in there, too. Oh, dear me, what shall I do?"

"I saw a Japanese lady shopping in a kimono," began Mr. Jarr, but seeing a cold light in Mrs. Jarr's eye, he changed the subject. "What do you look the door for?" he asked. "It drives me wild to have things locked up. If anybody is mean enough to steal, they'll be smart enough to know how to open a locked door."

"There's nobody steals in this house," said Mr. Jarr. "But you know how the children are. I just have to lock things up, they rummage through everything so!" Then Mrs. Jarr essayed the door with a buttonhook and a shoe horn.

Finally Mr. Jarr came over and pulled at the door, which came gracefully open as he tugged at it. "There!" he said. "I knew it was only stuck. There's the key on the floor!"

"It's just where I put it," said Mrs. Jarr. "And don't be pretending you are so smart because the door was unlocked. I wonder if I had these heels tapped if these old ties wouldn't do?"

"You talk like as if they were kegs of beer," said Mr. Jarr. "Or do you mean tapping them with an axe or on the floor?"

"Oh, don't be so smart!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I wonder if you couldn't go to the store and get me a pair of tan Oxford ties, size three, B last?" she mused.

Mr. Jarr looked at her in alarm. "Doggone it! You know I'll get mixed up and bring the wrong shoes home!" he said.

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll make my old ones do. They are a world too big for me and crippling my poor feet, but that's all you care. Besides, you never want to go to anything for me. I didn't want to go downtown to-day. I have so much to do. I want to put away the winter things. Have you any change. I want to buy some moth balls? I wonder if the girl couldn't go out and get them while we are dressing?" Here Mrs. Jarr called to the girl, but there was no answer.

"Where can she be?" said Mrs. Jarr peevishly.

"She just went out for a spin in her automobile," said Mr. Jarr, jocosely with the thought that no more was said about his stopping at a store for tan Oxford ties, size No. 3 on a B last.

"I suppose I'll be limping around all summer in these cheap ties that are too big for me!" she sighed.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I need more than shoes. If I had new ties they would be such a contrast to my last year's summer clothes, so it is just as well that I am not to have them. There's plenty of work here to keep me home. Still, I knew a woman, Mrs. Billington, who lived in Brooklyn, who was an invalid and never got out of her room for ten years, but her husband used to buy beautiful dresses and hats and shoes for her, and she was very happy."

"I don't object to buying you new shoes," said Mr. Jarr. "How much do they cost? Four dollars—five dollars?" And Mr. Jarr hurriedly fished out a five-dollar bill.

When she went downtown with Mrs. Rangle shopping, later on, Mrs. Jarr informed her friend in confidence that Mr. Jarr was so proud of her small feet that he never let her wear a shabby shoe.

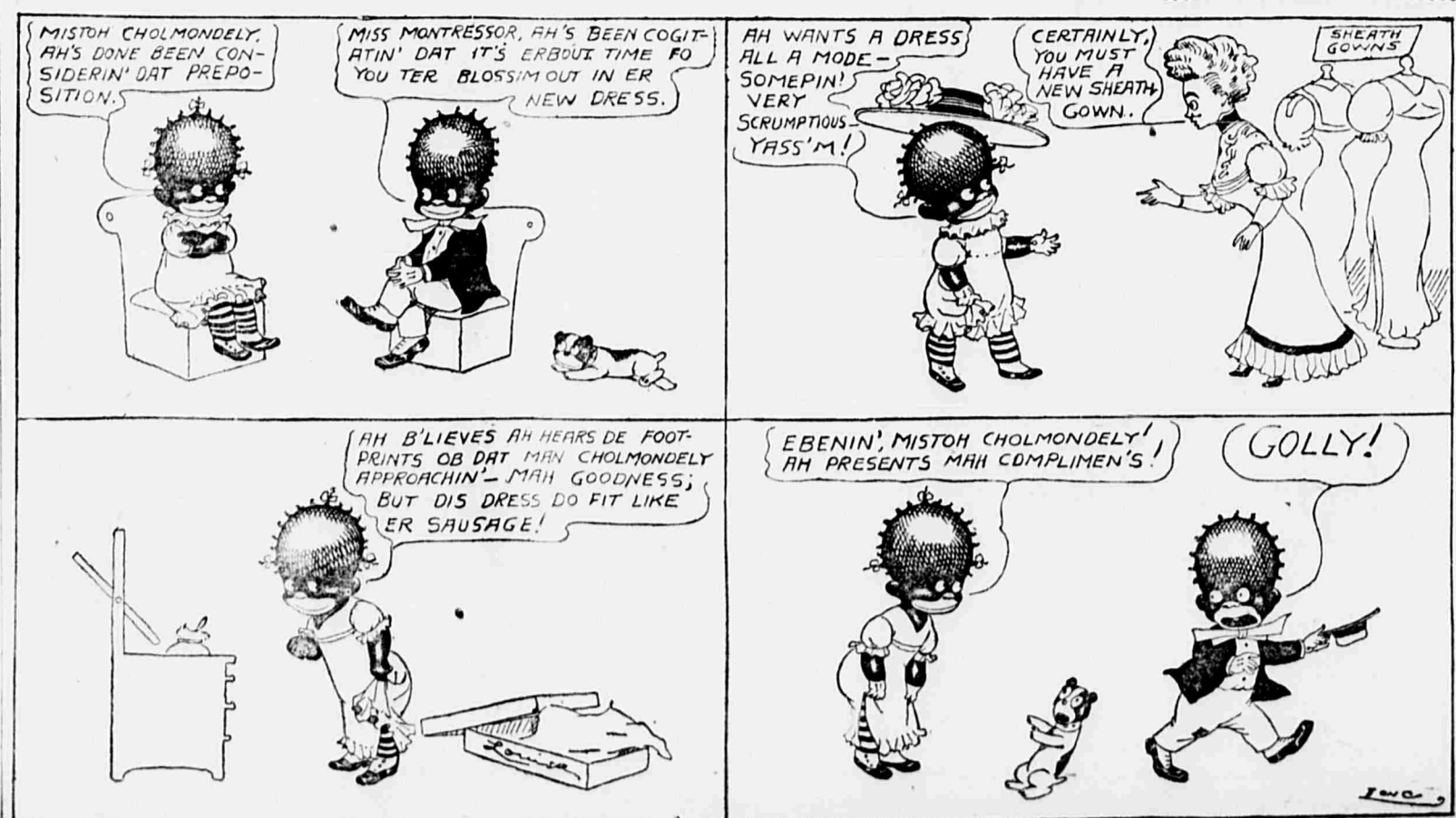
"My ties were perfectly good," she informed Mrs. Rangle, "but Mr. Jarr was angry with me for not having new ones. He gave me \$5 and insisted I go right downtown and buy a new pair, and be sure to get the big silk bows."

Mrs. Rangle declared that her husband was just like that, too.

## Love In Darktown.

The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montessor.

By F. G. Long.



## The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 33—JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD—Part I. A Boy's Fight with Fate.

Twentieth President (1851-1881), stockily built, large head, brown hair and beard. Blue eyes, long, straight nose. High, broad forehead.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD farm boy in 1847 read "The Pirate's Own Book." It filled him with a yearning to go to sea.

As he lived in Ohio there was no ocean near at hand. So he did the next best thing. He took a job as tow boy on a canalboat at \$12 a month. While he did not capture any Spanish galleons nor find a chance to hoist the black flag on this "sea" voyage, he had plenty of adventures of a sort. He had several hot fist fights, knocked out a stalwart deckhand who tried to bully him; and, by actual count, fell overboard fourteen times. Then he fell ill with malaria and threw over his position. Thus ended James Abram Garfield's brief naval career. An illness had intervened to lead him to the Presidency of his country instead of to the captaincy of a canalboat.

Garfield was the son of a New Englander who had emigrated to the Ohio wilderness, built a hut there, started a farm and died, leaving his widow with four little children, of whom the eighteen-months-old James was the youngest. The lad grew up in poverty; working hard as a farm-hand, going to school when he could and reading every book within his reach. The first considerable sum of money he earned was \$25 for cutting 100 cords of wood for a neighbor. The labor nearly killed him; but he stuck to it. Then came his "sea" experience. He next worked his way through high school and after a year or so considered himself competent to be a teacher. There was a wretched educational system in those days. Almost any one who had mastered an ordinary school course thought he could teach. More incompetent teachers were at large in the Middle West alone than probably can now be found on the whole continent.

Garfield tramped his feet sore looking for a school to teach. Everywhere he met with refusals. At last, in despair, he is said to have made the strange resolve never again to seek any position. This resolution he always kept. As is sometimes true in such cases, his luck turned almost at once. For the very next day came an offer from a neighboring school. It was not a very desirable chance. In fact, Garfield got the place because no one else wanted it. For two years the school had been regularly broken up, and every teacher thrashed and driven away by the big boys.

Garfield's first appearance in the schoolroom was the signal for a riot. He quickly picked out the school bully, a hulking giant of a fellow, and proceeded to thrash him. The bully snatched up a club of firewood and tried to smash Garfield's skull. A lively hand-to-hand fight followed. In the mix-up the schoolroom was pretty well wrecked. But Garfield was victorious. The bully was cowed into submission and the other boys grew to worship this young teacher who could hold his own against such a foe. From that time the school was a model for the whole district. The salary, however, was only \$12 a month and board. So, at nineteen, Garfield went back to high school to prepare himself for some better work in life. At about this time he joined the Campbellite Church and became henceforth active in all religious movements of his denomination. Working during vacations at a carpenter's bench, acting as academy janitor and again teaching off and on, he scraped together enough money to go to Hiram Institute (afterward college).

After three years there Garfield went East and entered the junior class of Williams College. He was now twenty-three, and many of his friends thought it absurd for a man of his age to continue "wasting time in study." But as he paid his own way and looked to no one for support, these criticisms did not sway his action. With \$200 that he had laboriously saved, he began his collegiate course at Williams. To eke out these savings Garfield taught a "writing class" during vacation at North Pownal, Vt. The writing teacher to whose place he succeeded was a New England lad with whom his own future was one day to be linked. This preceding teacher was Chester Alan Arthur.

At Williams, young Garfield began writing for publication; not only in prose but in rather clever verse as well, and became editor of the Williams Quarterly. He had become engaged meanwhile to a former schoolmate, Miss Lucretia Rudolph. During his first college term he received the offer of a highly paid position in a Troy (N. Y.) Institute. The salary would have permitted him to marry and to live in comfort. But he refused it, preferring to continue at Williams and take his degree. This he did. He was graduated with honors in the class of 1876, and returned to Ohio to accept a professorship at Hiram College there. Next year he became president of the college at the age of twenty-six.

His life seemed shaped for him. His career promised to be merely educational. For four years he remained president of Hiram, taking up the study of law in spare moments and making occasional speeches in behalf of the new Republican party. During this time he married. In 1880 he was elected to the Ohio State Senate, still retaining his collegiate office.

Then, all at once, came an event that changed his whole future.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained on application by sending a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

## That Magic Thing---Success.

By Victor Hugo.

SUCCESS is a very hideous thing. Its false resemblance to merit deceives men. For the masses success has almost the same profile as supremacy. Success, that Menaceus of talent, has one dupe—misery. Misery and Success alone grumble at it. In our day a philosophy which is almost official has entered into its service, wears the livery of Success and performs the service of its ante-chamber. Success theory: Prosperity argues capacity. Win in the lottery and behold: you are a clever man. He who triumphs is venerated. Be born with a silver spoon in your mouth: everything lies in that. Be lucky, and you will have all the rest; be happy, and people will think you great. Outside of fate or six immense exceptions, which compose the splendor of a century, contemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness, gliding is gold. It does no harm to be the first arrival by pure chance, so long as you do arrive. The common herd is an old Narcissus who adores himself as you do applaud the vulgar herd. That enormous ability by virtue of which one is Moses, Aeschylus, Dante, Michael Angelo, or Napoleon, the multitude awakes on the spot, and by acclamation, to whomsoever attains his object, in whatever it may consist. Let a notary transfigure himself into a deputy; let a false Cornelle compose "Tirade"; let a eunuch come to possess a harem; let a military Prudhomme accidentally win the decisive battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent cardboard shoe soles for this cardboard, sold as leather, 400,000 Meuse and construct for himself out of this cardboard, and cause it to bring forth francs of income, of which he is the father and of which it is the mother; seven or eight million, of which he is the father and of which it is the mother; let a priest become a bishop by force of his nasal drawl; let the steward of a fine family be so rich on retiring from service that he is made Minister of Finances—and men call that genius, just as they call the face of Mousqueton Beauty and the men of Claude Lorraine. With the constellations of space they confound the stars of the abyss which are made in the soft mire of the puddle by the feet of ducks."

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

No! We Will Not Support Bryan.

Copyright, 1908, by the Planet Pub. Co.

We are often asked if the DEPENDENT LEAGUE will support William Jay Bryan for the Presidency. We reply Promptly that it will NOT.

BRYAN can support HIMSELF. Or, rather, His Newspaper can! OURS WILL NOT SUPPORT US. We call upon the

Dependent League to support us, and US alone. It was organized for that purpose.

Even the ASS knoweth its master's crib, and the League OUGHT to know as MUCH as BALAAM'S BEST FRIEND. If it turns out otherwise we will CLIP its EARS!

No one can say that we have ever profited by Politics or anything else we have EVER DONE.

We feel that it is TIME we had some kind of a DIVIDEND!